

JUNE 2011

VOLUME TWO

ISSUE FIVE

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Rhythm Drummers delight listeners of all ages at the Water Hill Music Fest

• more coverage, p. 2 and p. 12

Music festival brings community together; reminds us how to make our own fun



by Susan Beckett

Taking it on ourselves. That's what I relearned from the Water Hill Music Festival. Growing up, my parents gathered with friends at least weekly to play bridge and tennis, my mother and her friends played mah-jongg weekly for over 30 years, and we kids organized our own nightly baseball games in the local cul-de-sac (known as a court in our middle-class Italian neighborhood). In good winters, everyone on our block added snow to

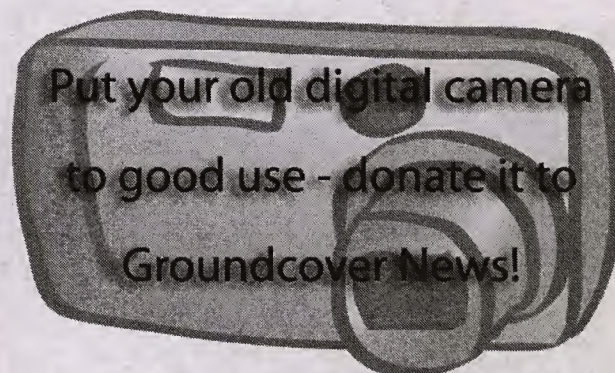
the biggest snowplow-created hill and created a community sledding spot by someone's driveway.

More than just sharing a common interest, these were social, community building activities. Some of my earliest memories are the peals of laughter streaming from the mahjong table, and those women helped each other through every phase of life.

Recalling the early days of the Ann Arbor Film Festival, Top of the Park and the Ann Arbor Art Fair, they sprang from friends with a shared passion finding a way to express and share it with a larger community. The Ice Cream Social at Mack School 20 years ago was a home-grown affair, with

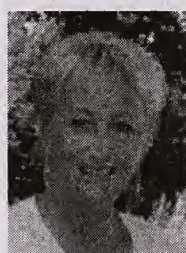
booths and rides invented by parents and kids who enjoyed the construction as much as the party. When ring-leader Scott Mixer and his daughter Sally died in a car crash, hundreds of people designed and built the play structure at Fuller Park as a tribute to them.

Creating shared entertainment in a physical public space is a form of self-expression that has been vanishing. That was the small town element that



combined so beautifully with Ann Arbor's diverse, multi-talented population and supportive city government to make Ann Arbor such a special place to live. Seeing it present again, I realized how much I've been missing it.

Will purity prevail at Water Hill?



by Laurie Lounsbury
Editor

Paul Tinkerhess was called "my new hero" by someone chatting on Facebook about the Water Hill Music Fest.

I agree.

He's my hero for organizing one of the most delightful neighborhood events I've attended in recent years... or decades.

Thousands of people peacefully sauntered through what Tinkerhess has dubbed the "Water Hill" neighborhood and were treated to amazing musical performances, both amateur and professional. I consider myself lucky to live in a neighborhood so top-heavy with talent. According to Tinkerhess, over 170 musicians performed on front porches, in driveways and on lawns. Pianos were rolled out front doors and drums sets hauled up hills.

The music ranged from jazz and R & B to classical, swing, folk and everything in between.

Spontaneous dancing broke out in the driveway where Los Gatos was performing. Summit Street was completely impassable for an entire block where Brennan Andes and some of his Macpodz pals performed.

It was, beyond doubt, an unqualified success. A friend of mine said afterward, "In the midst of all the natural catastrophes and economic crises we're facing, it's wonderful to see an event that is so purely fun, neighborly and free. It just goes to show, you don't need money to have a good time."

And yet, as is always the case, the sidewalks had barely cooled in the dusky afterglow when the social network started deconstructing the event and making plans or suggestions for the second annual fest.

"The musicians lost money that day, there should be a way to pay them," one person posted on Facebook.

"It would be nice to be able to buy a beer or something to eat," said another.

"I hope it never evolves or grows," another person commented. "I don't want it to become big and commercial."

Within five comment threads on Facebook, it became apparent that while everyone loved the Water Hill Music Fest, there were two camps already forming: the "Keep it the same and don't go commercial," and the "Growth and commerce are inevitable, so embrace it and do it right."

I have one foot in both camps, and hope I don't get split like a wishbone with my position. The festival is bound to grow because it was so terrific, and I hope Tinkerhess and other organizers can raise enough money to cover the costs of printing programs, making yard signs, and distributing information.

But I absolutely don't want to see it turn into another "Townie Party" that is hosted right before the art fair. That party was supposed to be for townies, to compensate for the inconveniences we endure during the art fairs.

But as quick as you can say "Tourist Money in Town," the party became an extremely commercial, tourist affair. Now it bears no resemblance to something "townie-ish" – it's really more of a kick-off event for the 'art fairies' who arrive early for the festivities.

By contrast, the Water Hill Music Fest was comprised of neighbors dancing in the streets, kids selling lemonade, grandparents toe-tapping to swing music, and enthusiastic musicians giving it their best, content to receive no more in return than the undying gratitude of the community.

Let's hope organizers and volunteers can find a way to keep it pure, and add new dimensions only if they are in the spirit of the original Water Hill Music Fest.

GROUNDCOVER NEWS MISSION:

Groundcover creates opportunity and a voice for low-income people while taking action to end homelessness one person at a time.

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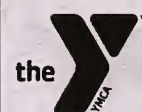
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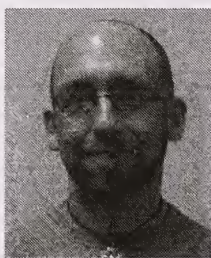
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Poverty and depression: the tie that binds



by Andrew Nixon

"Home is where one starts from."

When T.S. Eliot wrote this in 1939, he was referring to the architecture not of our built environment but of our hearts and minds. Considered in its broadest sense, it is a profound statement about the human condition. Far from being the mere building that "houses" our private lives, the essence of home is *sustenance* in all its forms. It is the entire web of goods and services that make up our life-support system. Home is shelter and food, companionship and community, health care and education, the absence of oppression and the presence of opportunity. Like the physical firmament on which a well-built house securely rests, a good home provides a stable foundation for living. When these basic conditions are met, people generally flourish. When home's web is compromised, people often struggle. Where one starts from truly can make the difference between a life of prosperity and one of poverty.

Consider Jessica, an Ann Arbor resident, has struggled with the double-burden of poverty and depression for many years. Although she wasn't officially diagnosed with it until 1999, depression has been an issue for most of Jessica's adult life, beginning with a case of postpartum depression following the birth of her first child, Aaron. Financial security has proven as elusive as well-being, with money troubles also persisting over the years.

She likens her life to a roller coaster ride: "As you ride the coaster for so many times – up and down the hills with the twists and turns – it actually starts to hurt physically. It also jostles the mind."

Jessica openly acknowledges that her struggle with depression and financial troubles share common roots in a difficult upbringing. Her mother – whose parents were both alcoholics – suffered from severe manic-depression and ultimately was given multiple rounds of shock treatment.

"It was hard for me to understand what was going on with her," Jessica reflects about growing up with a mentally ill parent. "When my mom really started to show signs of strange behavior in accordance with her manic depression, I didn't realize my mother's depression

was so bad until I was into my teen years." To cope, Jessica began smoking marijuana regularly at age 14, a habit which lasted well into early adulthood.

For all-too-many of the 44 million Americans living below the poverty line, the psychological dimensions of being down-and-out are at least as daunting as the more overt ones. A major study in 2005 conducted at Salem State College found that mental illness is three times more prevalent among low-income communities than in higher-income ones. The study also shed some light on the relationship between mental illness and money, stating that "poverty, acting through economic stressors such as unemployment and lack of affordable housing, is more likely to precede mental illness than the reverse."

Depression is one particularly serious mental health issue that disproportionately affects the poor. According *The Noonday Demon: An Atlas of Depression*, a book by Andrew Solomon that won the 2001 National Book Award, about 42 percent of heads of household receiving assistance from the now-defunct federal program Aid to Families With

Dependent Children met the criteria for clinical depression – more than three times the national average. Individuals suffering from depression are at greater risk of a multitude of other problems, from insomnia and chronic fatigue to substance abuse, domestic violence, and suicidal behavior. When depression goes untreated – which it frequently does with the poor, due to limited access to care – it can further entrench a person in the cycle of poverty.

If Jessica's family did not know acute poverty, it was largely thanks to the financial assistance provided by her grandfather, who owned a successful plumbing business. But Jessica's childhood experiences set the tone for what was to come, as the themes of economic hardship and mental illness continued to echo through the years.

Her first of two marriages, at the age of 19, was to a fellow whose mother was an alcoholic and had remarried several times. As an adult, he relied upon marijuana to escape the economic and rela-

tionship hardships he and Jessica were undergoing, which "became an issue, especially with my being a new parent," Jessica says. The marriage ended after six years, and Jessica hit a low point. "The divorce bummed me out. I did the bar scene every other weekend for a good two years and spent money I shouldn't have," she says.

Jessica remarried in '93 to her current husband, Albert. Though they have remained together for 18 years, their relationship too has been fraught with difficulty. Much like Jessica's first husband, Albert had a difficult childhood involving a mother who struggled with depression and who went through multiple unhappy marriages. As a teenager, he moved in with another family – the father of which was a heavy drinker – and subsequently Albert developed a taste for spirits, himself. Albert is now a self-acknowledged alcoholic, and has been in rehab no less than five times.

"As you ride the coaster for so many times – up and down the hills with the twists and turns – it actually starts to hurt physically. It also jostles the mind."
-Jessica

Despite her husband's repeated efforts to clean himself up, and Jessica's participation in Al-Anon since 1997 and her medication for depression since 1999, it has been a rough ride, as the forces of alcoholism, depression, and economic hardship fed into each other.

Jessica's depression presents a big obstacle

to achieving her goals, affecting her self-confidence, motivation, and decision making abilities.

"I talk a lot about ideas I have to provide and get ahead for my family, but they don't happen because of being afraid of what problems will arise before I can start any of my plans," she admits. She says that she often feels like she is being dragged down by life, and gets tired of the constant struggle to stay one step ahead of disaster.

The clouds have parted a bit for Jessica recently. Despite not being on her medication for depression since losing her job last year, she is feeling a little better emotionally, and financial help she has received from family and unemployment insurance has eased her burden a little. Jessica plans to resume her college education soon – a process that had been interrupted by health problems and a family emergency – and completing her associate's degree will mark an enormous step toward turning her professional goal of open-



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see Support, page 5

Try courage, as well as encouragement

Rev. Dr. Martha Brunell

Pastor, Bethlehem United Church of Christ

While I was a hospice chaplain, I was responsible for many sessions of grief education throughout the metropolitan area where I lived. I was often asked where I learned everything that I taught and shared. I had a simple answer: Much of what I knew on the subject I received from my patients and families. It is still true that a high percentage of my material for preaching, writing, teaching, and presenting is a gift from someone. This column is no exception.

We were in the midst of a book discus-

sion at church. A subject that came up that day was courage. One of those present told a story from earlier in his life. As a young man, he and some friends and colleagues published a periodical called *Courage*. They were earnest and committed to the topic at hand. Like many publications, *Courage* came and went, and so did they. Life has taken each of them in different directions since their joint publishing effort. Both their careers and geographies are scattered now. However, they continue, whenever they are in touch face to face, on paper, or by computer, to greet one another with the word "courage." Across time and space, one word still connects them.

Courage has its roots in the word *heart* and originally meant to align and to act from one's core. Courage comes from the expansiveness of each of our hearts. When we encourage, we simply remind ourselves or each other to be fundamentally alive from our depths. Imagine the impact in Washtenaw County, if all of us in the Groundcover News community sought, silently or aloud, to greet strangers, neighbors, passersby, and those we know well with the word "courage." We each see many, many people in the course of a day. And there is such truth in the statement: "We are in this together." What if our routine point of contact was an intention toward courage?

As I travel about by foot or in my car for the next week or two, maybe longer, I am going to try out this "courage" greeting. I haven't stopped thinking about it since our study group met. I imagine as I invite others to be blessed and strengthened by their courage, the core of who they are and what they have to extend to our common life, that I will sense that blessing and strength, too. I will pay attention and see what happens within and around me. So if you are reading this page, receive from me the word "courage." And try passing it on to those you encounter today.

Teachers march on Lansing

By Chris Savage

What does it say about us when a rapture that didn't happen gets front page coverage and massive numbers of educators giving up a spring weekend day to try forestalling deep cuts gets no coverage at all?



Michigan teacher rally at the State Capitol to protest against deep budget cuts being proposed.

Saturday, May 21, the Michigan Education Association (MEA), Michigan's teachers union, held a rally on the lawn in front of the State Capitol Building. The rally was to protest massive cuts to education in Governor Rick Snyder's proposed budget. Governor Snyder believes the path forward for Michigan to prosper is to make it less expensive to do business in our state. To do this, his budget cuts taxes on businesses by a whopping 86%.

It's not easy to pull that much revenue out of a state budget that has been in crisis for many years. Michigan is a state disproportionately affected by the economic downturn and our state budget reflects. Cuts to services and the departments that provide those services have been happening for many years, even before Rick Snyder took office.

In order to fund the tax cuts for businesses, money had to be found elsewhere. One of those places is K-12 education. Nearly \$1 billion in cuts overall to education are proposed. Governor Snyder's budget proposal cuts as much as \$470 per pupil, though recent tax revenues may soften that blow somewhat if schools adopt state-approved "best practices."

With school systems across the state already struggling with budget crises of their own, cuts of this magnitude will have a serious impact on class sizes, teacher compensation and the programming that will be provided. This has Michigan's teachers extremely upset and was the impetus for Saturday's rally.

And rally they did. An estimated crowd of at least 6,000 arrived at the Capitol building in Lansing on a sunny afternoon to hear speakers including UAW President Bob King, Lansing Mayor Virg Bernero, and parents, students and teachers from around Michigan. Most wore red shirts to show their support for public employees and union members, creating a sea of red stretching from the Capitol building steps all the way to Capitol Avenue.

And then, a funny thing happened. The event received almost no coverage from the main newspapers in Michigan.

Monday morning, I tweeted to the *Detroit News* and *Detroit Free Press*: "@FreePress @DetNews: How could you miss over 6000 people rallying at the Capitol? Get raptured or something?"

Veteran Top of the Park musicians reflect

Drivin' Sideways and the Terraplanes, two Ann Arbor bands with a strong local following, will be playing at the Top of the Park again this year. Chris Goerke and Jerry Mack, members of the respective bands, share some of their memories and perspectives about the music scene in Ann Arbor.

"The club scene has dwindled," observes Jerry Mack, "not as many places to play. My older friends say things like, 'Sorry it's not 20 years ago or we'd come out more to hear you play, but now we just stay home and watch TV.'"

Mack bemoans young people's lack of passion for live music with his bumper sticker, *Drum machines have no soul*. "Music is a universal vibration that is inherent in nature, rhythmic pat-

terns interpreted by humans. Music is important in everyone's sense of well-being and development. It is a healing, therapeutic and spiritual thing, too," Mack muses.

The Terraplanes play their dance-inspiring music regularly at Conner O'Neill's, Guy Hollerin's, the Blind Pig and Live at PJ's but there are just not enough gigs to make a living playing music. Mack supplements his income with other artistic endeavors, including his amazing, whimsical balanced rocks. (He swears there are no pins, glue or any other fastener holding any of the rocks in place.)

All the musicians in *Drivin' Sideways* also have other sources of income, despite regular gigs at Live at PJ's. Some ex-band members left for Nashville where they are now full-time musi-

see TOP, page 11



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Ethical egoism- the curse that we all share



By James Manning

Have you ever heard the saying money is the root of all evil? When you give it some thought you can't help but come to the conclusion that it most certainly is. The human species is not mature enough to handle currency and power, evidenced by the abuses we witness every day. We might think that we are on the right track since technology is rapidly evolving, but the sad truth is that we are as savage as ever and immoral acts are connected to money in one way or another. Whenever we can't explain our actions we

rationalize, and today the excuses for the pursuit of wealth and power have become the widely practiced ethical egoism.

Ethical egoism is the philosophy that the pursuit of wealth and power by any means necessary is justified. It is an epithet for the dark side of humanity. Throughout history, the impoverished have been victimized by those with wealth and power. Everyday we see examples of hatred towards the poor and the glorification of the rich. If you take one who is homeless and compare them to a drug dealer, in terms of respect from common people, the dealer receives better treatment, all because of the money that he or she makes. Being a vendor for this paper, I see this philosophy in practice every day in the

actions of the people that ignore and even laugh at the cause we stand for. If the tables turn, then it's a different story.

Humanity has been on a downhill moral decline ever since the concept of value spawned the accumulation of wealth. Clearly the world has to change but I despair that will never happen.

We don't think about the world around us much, but just the same, there are horrors in the world that would turn you a paler color. I consider the underground sex slave industry and the West African diamond trade to be among the most horrible practices sustained by wealth and power.

So am I saying every last one of us is pure evil? Not at all, just that the allure of wealth and power has snared a great

many of us. Even to the impoverished money is practically needed like oxygen, since we have become dependent on it.

I think about this a lot and I try to find solutions to this greatest of all problems. I keep coming to the same conclusion, and that is to abolish all currency. If we are very lucky we might find true equality in that impossible reality.

There is some good in this world and we have to hold on to what there is. At least we can preserve goodness from being swallowed up in evil so long as there are those of us who follow our hearts ahead of our financial interests. Those who do are always the better human beings.

Support and treatment are the key to recovery

continued from page 3

ing a family entertainment business in town into a reality.

"I'm still planning on opening that business and hopefully will stay healthy and strong enough to take the necessary steps to fulfill my dream of being a successful business owner, like my grandfather. I plan to find help in getting medication to help me get rid of the fear and anxiety that has held me captive most of my life. I also plan to disband all negative forces around me."

The relationship of poverty and mental illnesses like depression is a complex one that is the subject of ongoing research and debate. But few will dispute the moral of Jessica's story: regardless of the circumstances and personal choices that led a person into it, poverty is a vicious cycle that is often difficult to break out of.

Sometimes, a person simply needs outside help.

"People get way ahead of themselves when they simply lay blame," says

John Loring, supervisor of Washtenaw County's Project Outreach Team (PORT), a group that reaches out to homeless and justice-involved individuals in the area with mental health challenges. "In my 11 years working with PORT, I have yet to meet a single person who, when they were a kid, said that when they grow up they want to be homeless, or a crack addict. Something along the way went awry. Recovery, for me, means remembering what their dreams are, and a process of regaining that which has been lost."

Loring grants that individuals do have an obligation to take responsibility for themselves. "The question is, do they have the recourse - the system of support - to be able to do that? What support are they getting to help them with that process?"

PORT has a "commitment to meet the client where he or she is both physically, psychologically and socially," according to its website. Team members seek to identify and reach out to individuals in need of mental health care, connecting them with psychiatric assessment and treatment services, as-

sistance locating and obtaining housing, life skills support, transportation assistance, and employment services. The team, now twenty-two workers strong, strives to provide clients with holistic support and ensure the continuity of each individual's care. Since its inception in 2000, PORT has eased the burden of poverty and mental illness for hundreds of individuals.

"The best earmark of success in any program is providing quality service to a client and improving the quality of life for that individual. I think we have succeeded in doing that in many cases," says Loring.

While PORT and other local initiatives to combat poverty, homelessness, and mental illness are critical to managing the symptoms of these social problems, the deepest roots of these issues need to be confronted with openness and courage if we aim as a community at more than just chasing our

collective tail. Basic questions need to be candidly asked, questions like: *What is it about our social system and our cultural vision that keeps creating the conditions of poverty and mental illness in the first place?* and *What kind of home - in the broadest sense of the word - produces consistently healthy individuals and strong communities?* and *How can we foster healthy homes for every child?*

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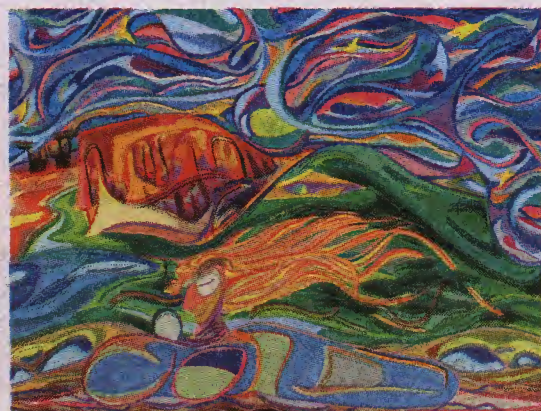
David Corneail's art draws strong reactions

by Phil Hannuksela

David Corneail's *In a Moment* is a pencil drawing of color swirling throughout. The vast roiling does throw up life, but not so much at first glance as to make life the standpoint. Even the human-like figure seems to be simply carried along blindly, contentedly. Maybe a great rushing is all creation is about, while we are forever unable to observe much of significance.

I first saw this drawing as it hung over the bar at the Jolly Pumpkin on a hot crowded day during Art Fair. Only on sitting down for a beer did I look more carefully at the action of the central and lower areas. A balance asserts itself there. A fiery wake behind, as the head is harmonized in color and shape with a sort of red-to-yellow undulation above the shape of a fish as the two move oppositely. An animated aspect of the whole space is created, with in a surge from lower to upper meeting the reverse. Now the figure can be ascribed a human awareness not driving, but inciting.

Place doesn't form here, as colors



Clockwise from above, see dynamic movement in *In a Moment* and how the flat people contrast with the lively, dynamic street scene in *Rhythm and Blues*. Have fun interpreting the exaggerated hand and ill-defined face hovering over the boat in *Law of Motion*.

David Corneail can be reached at storyliningDC@gmail.com

aren't blended and have equal values everywhere. Nor is there perspective. About his concept for *In a Moment*, Corneail says, "...keep it simple - what the viewer has to perceive is depth of mood." That mood here allows us to feel an abiding capacity for observing and acting in an all but overwhelming world, even if that capacity may at first glance be mistaken for oblivion.

In *Law of Motion* the meditative effect

is achieved with a bit more opposition. The boat is now made of rectangular pieces, while the flows patterns from sky (or tree, if we like) are connected to the figure through their relation in line and color. A sensation of support is created from above the boat, which seems to have been launched from the tree in Eden. A hand is extending itself, but not with the current, to offer a used-up apple from Eden. The work of meditation is hard here, and the hand of the figure is outsized.

This drawing is more satisfying in some ways than *In a Moment* as it even more fully presents meditation and presence of mind for us in our clamoring world. Form is more developed here, and we're more conscious of what distracts. There is even a far stronger harmony of shape and color between the meditating figure and all we see than in the last drawing. With a sort of moon set against full, but gentle swelling, it reminds this reporter of what the artist said of making one's way in this world: "You just keep doing the best you can...you don't know where things are going, ever."

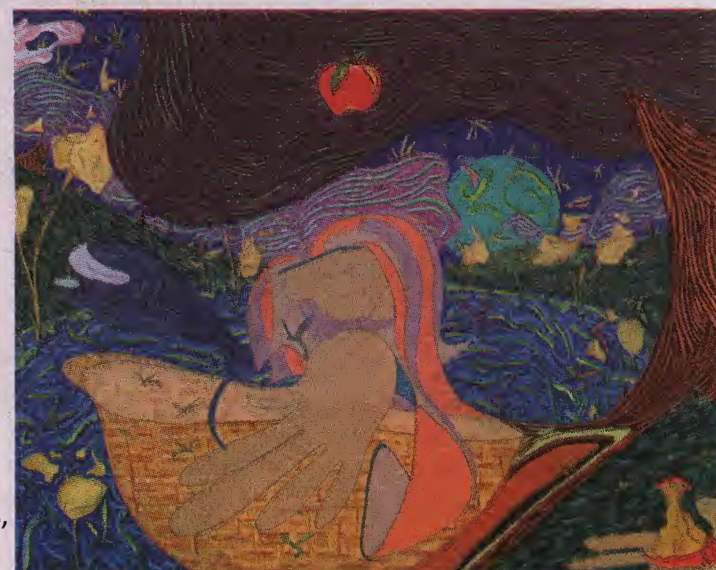
Upon spotting of *Rhythm and Blues*, my focus instantly went to the left half. One is drawn to it, because the rhythms get to us as directly as if we were listening to good jazz. A long description here would blunt the music that even has hold of the traffic light,

which won't keep to one shape when it sees *In a Moment's* blue lines. It flirts by bending to *In a Moment*, while flattering the ensemble of buildings with rectangles vibrating color in chords. Blue can never ignore yellow.

Well, I am going on a bit, and haven't even addressed the standing flat figures that give just enough resistance to movement in the scene to hold it and offer it to us. Yet the music (in us?) has its complexities and coherence in objects. Impinging at a sharp angle to the motion is a large blue rectangle across the street, though it is cast a bit with purple. Standing around are flat figures using their faculties for nothing but gazing at flat images second-handedly. Impoverished colors there are stationary and stay in one plane so as to convey simple commands to flat figures engaged in nothing.

In this beautifully rendered work there are two contrary responses to life, clearly. Yet the picture holds together, so we might ask if the bright dancing side finds its shape by steering around that which is both unmovable and helpless.

These paintings move and stimulate me but in no way do I think I've got it all right, or that I have mentioned all that meets the eye.



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Farmer's Market helps double-up the budget with fresh, local food

by Susan Beckett

Low-income residents can double their buying power at the Farmer's Markets in Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor through the Double Up Food Bucks program. Thanks to a grant from the Fair Food Network and matching grants by local area foundations, SNAP (the Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program previously known as Food Stamps) benefits can be redeemed two for one by going to the Market office and having a bridge card swipe exchanged for Farmer's Market tokens. (The bridge card replaced Food Stamps and is loaded with monthly SNAP benefits. It functions like a credit card that is limited to purchasing food and food-producing plants.)

Last year's pilot program was so successful at Ann Arbor's Kerrytown Farmer's Market that their grant for this year was quadrupled to \$22,000, meaning \$44,000 of discounted local food plants, fresh fruits, and vegetables can be purchased at the market by assistance recipients this year. Each recipient can get up to \$20 of matching funds each week. The use of bridge cards at the market was up 200% - 300% last year.



Market shoppers include SNAP recipients who double their buying power on food and food-producing plants. Buying from local producers is also healthy for the environment and our community.

Improving the diet of low-income residents is a fairly new governmental priority and reflects concerns over health care costs related to obesity and diabetes. It is only in the last few years that SNAP benefits could be used at Farmer's Markets. Another federal initiative

administered locally by the Michigan Department of Community Health is Project Fresh, which provides \$20 in Farmer's Market vouchers to recipients of the WIC (Women, Infants and Children) nutrition feeding program so they can buy fruits and vegetables high in vitamins A, C, and folic acid. A similar program, Senior Project Fresh, is available for low-income seniors and disabled adults.

Prescription for Health is funded by the Kresge Foundation and offers a dietitian's "prescription" of items to buy and tokens for filling the prescription. Anyone eligible for SNAP or WIC assistance is automatically eligible for a Prescription for Health. A dietitian must be present during market hours, so that program operates only in Ypsilanti and at the West Side Farmer's Market.

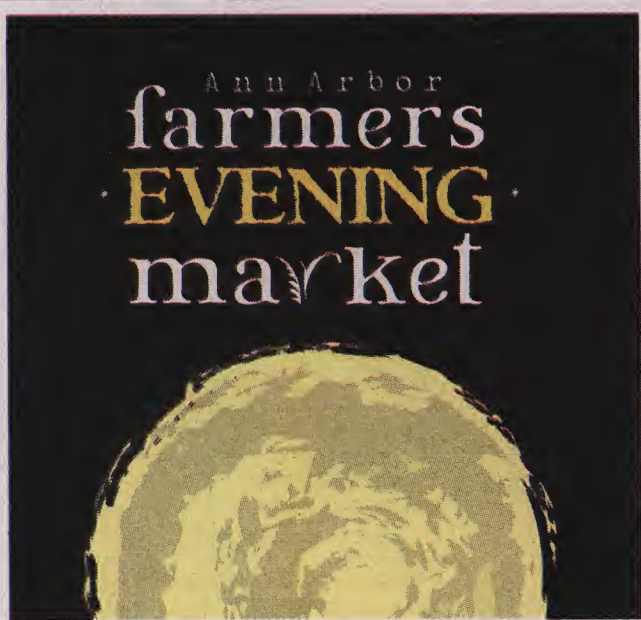
These programs are in danger as cutbacks to the SNAP program are under serious consideration in Congress. According to Kerrytown Market manager Molly Notarianni, "The cutbacks being proposed are drastic and would have a noticeable negative effect on our farmers as well as our SNAP patrons."

Food Gatherers and local food pantries share Notarianni's interest in preserving SNAP benefits at their current levels. The need the last couple of years has greatly exceeded the norm and they fear an unmanageable influx of patrons if federal assistance is reduced. SNAP allocations have already been cut by \$14

billion for the next budget year, which reduces the benefit for a family of four by an average of \$60 each month. A budget resolution that cuts another \$127 billion over the next seven years was passed by the House of Representatives.

Food Gatherers has been urging partner agencies and volunteers to sign a petition initiated by the Food and Research Assistance Center (FRAC), calling on Congress to refrain from any benefit cuts at this time. They noted that last year \$705,969 worth of SNAP benefits were spent at Michigan Farmer's Markets.

Of interest to all market patrons, regular credit cards can be swiped at the market office and traded for general-purpose tokens accepted by vendor stalls, so running to the ATM is no longer necessary to accommodate impulse buys. Working folks will be happy to learn that the Kerrytown Farmer's Market now has an evening session on Wednesdays.



NEW • NEW • NEW
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS @THE
Ann Arbor Farmers Market

Meet new and returning vendors!
beginning June 1st through September
4:30 to 8:30 p.m. Wednesdays
315 Detroit Street, Ann Arbor

WWW.A2GOV.ORG/MARKET

Market	Location	Hours of Operation
Kerrytown	Catherine & 4th Ave, Ann Arbor	Wed., Sat. 7am - 3pm & Wed., 4:30pm - 8pm
West Side	2501 Jackson Rd, Ann Arbor	Thurs. 3pm - 7pm
Depot Town	100 Market Pl, Ypsilanti	Sat. 8am - 1pm
Downtown	Harris and Ferris, Ypsilanti	Tues. 2pm - 6pm

Sudoku ★★★★★☆ 4puz.com

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Fill in the squares so that each row, column, and 3-by-3 box contain the numbers 1 through 9.

Solutions on page 10

Cryptoquote

"LJ NRKFYM IRHY LY KFY IMYRKYOK IENK RQJTQY

BTZWP IEHY RQTKFYM

GYMOTQ, FY SYWEYHYP EQ LY."

UEL HRWHRQT.

Local Women Featured in More Free Music

From 6:30 to 9 p.m. Friday, June 17, Live at PJ's presents the Mr. Largebeat's Rockasaurus Band with Jim Gertz and a plethora of talented local women musicians, including:

Blues singer Heather Schwartz
 Copycats guitarist Paula Singer
 Third Coast Kings singer Michelle Camilleri
 Follow lead singer Stella Magdalen
 Six Foot Poles vocalist Joeline Brzezinski
 Cosmic Flavor vocalist Cynthia Reedy
 Irene Felicetti, Amy Harms, Liann Clair, and "Rock-Sister" Ru of Rockasaurus

ACROSS

- Novelist Roald
- Hot vapor
- Pump gasoline
- Singer Adams
- Sponge
- Garfield's pal
- Brooks, bourbon brand
- Internal
- Brazilian volleyball player
- Valor
- Alias (abbr.)
- Hockey player Bobby
- "I have found the best way to give advice to your children is to find out what they want and then advise them to do it."
- Take control of
- Defeat intellectually
- Beast's home
- Airport code for Love Field
- German city
- Commit a faux pas
- Resting place
- Family member, for short
- Proposed Constitutional amendment (abbr.)
- Defendant in a famous Tennessee trial
- Cacophony
- Formal
- Slalom
- Singer Sam
- "My father was a statesman, I am a political woman. My father was a saint. I am not."
- Child
- Piers Anthony novel
- One of the two
- Traded
- Chemist Alfred
- Greek letter
- Isaac's son
- Prospero's servant
- Long narrative
- Hawaiian bird
- African equid
- Author Anne

DOWN

- Consider
- Axe
- Musician Al
- Jacket type
- More cunning
- 907 kilograms, approximately
- Long time period
- at Midnight, 1995 movie

Fathers Day quotes — Who said them?

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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66					67						68	
69					70						71	

- "When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years."
- Mist
- Type of expression
- Constellation
- Study
- Inattentive
- Opera melodies
- Thoroughfare
- Actor Brynner
- "Zulu" time zone (abbr.)
- Brewery products
- D.E.A. agent, for short
- Robert De
- "I learned a lot in those first years in Miami, while struggling just for survival, by observing my father's fortitude."
- Protagonist

- The Phantom of the Opera
- Appellation
- European dye manufacturer
- Placard
- Greek letter
- Organic compound (abbr.)
- "I decided in my life that I would do nothing that did not reflect positively on my father's life."
- Disregard
- Greek letter
- Playwright Henrik
- Hanging rope
- Poet Thomas
- Perry Mason's secretary
- Neighbor of the Navajo
- Type of anthropological data
- Speed competition
- Expected
- Clothing protector
- Poetic contraction

Puzzle by Jeff Richmond

Groundcover Vendor Code of Conduct

While Groundcover News is a nonprofit organization, and newspaper vendors are considered contracted self-employees, we still have expectations of how vendors should conduct themselves while selling and representing the paper.

The following list is our Vendor Code of Conduct, which every vendor reads and signs before receiving a badge and papers. We request that if you discover a vendor violating any tenets of the Code, please contact us and provide as many details as possible. Our paper and our vendors should be positively impacting our County.

All vendors must agree to the following code of conduct:

- Groundcover will be distributed for a voluntary donation of \$1.00. I agree not to ask for more than a dollar or solicit donations by any other means.
- I will only sell current issues of Groundcover.
- I agree not to sell additional goods or products when selling the paper or to panhandle, including panhandling with only one paper.
- I will wear and display my badge when selling papers.
- I will only purchase the paper from Groundcover Staff and will not sell to or buy papers from other Groundcover vendors, especially vendors who have been suspended or

terminated.

- I agree to treat all customers, staff, other vendors, respectfully. I will not "hard sell," threaten, harass or pressure customers, staff, and other vendors verbally or physically.
- I will not sell Groundcover under the influence of drugs or alcohol.
- I understand that I am not a legal employee of Groundcover but a contracted worker responsible for my own well-being and income.
- I understand that my badge is property of Groundcover and will not deface it. I will present my badge when purchasing the papers.
- I agree to stay off private property when selling Groundcover.
- I understand to refrain from selling on public buses, federal property or stores unless there is permission from the owner.
- I agree to stay at least one block away from another vendor. I will also abide by the Vendor corner policy.
- I understand that Groundcover strives to be a paper that covers topics of homelessness and poverty while providing sources of income for the homeless. I will try to help in this effort and spread the word.

If you see any Groundcover News vendors not abiding by the code of conduct, please report the activity to: contact@groundcovernews.com 734-972-0926

Since 1Matters.org's startup funding of \$1000, Groundcover has become self supporting with 52 trained vendors, selling on average 1,856 newspapers per month. Our \$1000 investment has returned over \$18,559, with at least \$13,500 going directly into the pockets of low-income people.

1Matters.org
 ...be 1 that Matters to 1 that Matters.

The story makers- adventures with my Dad

by Susan Beckett

My dad provided the adventure in our family. His early dates with my mother included teaching her to ski and taking her sailing. That he stranded the boat on a sand bar and my water-fearing, non-swimmer mother married him anyway, still amazes me.

I once took them camping at Silver Lake State Park. Dad was soon itching for action, so we rented a sunfish and set out across Silver Lake to the dunes that hid Lake Michigan. He was quite a sight there, perched on the edge of the heeling boat, smoking his stogie. He must have forgotten who raised me, because when I brought the zipping boat around rather abruptly, he forgot to duck and the boom swatted him into the water. He was grabbing for his cigar as my mother yelled, "Pete, Pete, grab your glasses!"

It was Dad who impelled and orchestrated our frequent ski trips. We would drive from New Jersey to Vermont two or three times a month when the snow was good, often for just a weekend. While other families huddled by the fire in the lodge escaping the sub-zero temperatures, my Germanic father crowed about the lack of lift lines and herded us onto the slopes. By the age of six, I was an expert on gently warming frostbitten fingers. They nearly lost me one blustery day when the wind and snow were driving so hard you could barely see. Our little group disembarked from the chair lifts and stood atop Mt. Mansfield, wondering which way to go. A sudden, enormous gust took hold of my little body and blew me and all my cries for help backwards down the mountain. My father grasped my flailing arm just in time, but by then I was far enough from the summit that our path down was determined; it was not easy!

Our most dramatic adventure started out west at Heavenly Valley, a ski area on the California/Nevada boundary. It was another snowy day and my mother and sister elected to gamble rather than face vertigo, but all my father saw was the foot of fresh powder and he was determined to enjoy it. By then I was in my twenties and he was nearing sixty, and though I longed to risk only my money in a nice, warm casino, I consented to accompany my father, fearing what might happen if he went out alone. Our first runs were great as we hugged the edge of the slope and the trees provided some contrast to the steadily falling thick flakes. But on our third foray, a group of young studs zipped past us and headed into the woods, whooping and hollering as they went.

Some atavistic pack instinct took over and my father followed them, whooping away. I tagged along but started yelling when I saw them passing the "Out of Bounds" markers. By the time Dad heard me and stopped, he was twenty feet downhill of the markers and determined not to climb back up. "Skiers always go down," he admonished. His experience with eastern mountains was that if you skied down, eventually you would reach the bottom of some trail. Unable to convince him that the Sierra Nevadas were different, I reluctantly followed though the temptation to

abandon him was even stronger than it had been in the morning. We soon reached a ledge and again Dad followed the boys around the edge, barely big enough for the two skis. A wonderful, steep downhill stretch followed and the boys disappeared.

On our own we skied down another 45 minutes or so and encountered brambles by a river. The snow here was more sparse and wet and we used our skis more like snowshoes. I finally put my foot down when Dad wanted to go upriver where there was less vegetation. "I am not going into the heart of the Sierra Nevadas with you. I am following the river out, probably to Lake Tahoe," I decreed, and started walking.



Susan and her father.

When he saw I was not even looking back, his nostrils flared in anger, but he followed me. It was now late afternoon and I took note of the wild leeks, thinking that if we were stranded, at least we had something to eat and a source of water and we could use my father's matches to start a fire. We trudged on for hours; the weather cleared and we could finally see Lake Tahoe in the distance. At dusk, we emerged at an outpost of civilization, five houses in a little cul-de-sac. Dogs barked wildly from the nearest house and we approached.

I rang the bell and was confronted by a large t-shirted man regarding me with suspicion. I asked if we could use a phone to call for a ride. Totally blocking the door, the man asked what we were doing there. I told him the story and he said incredulously, "You started from Heavenly? That's about 20 miles away!" As he regarded my father who could barely move at this point, the veracity of our story sunk in on him. "I'll call the local Dial-a-Ride. They'll pick you up and take you back to Lake Tahoe," he said as he closed the door in our faces.

We dragged ourselves to the street and before settling on the curb, I noticed the mailbox carefully lettered, "The Capone's". I considered this latest brush with death and pondered how worried my mother and sister would be by now. It was dark and dinner time and my father was never late for dinner. I imagined them calling the police and started scanning the sky for search and rescue helicopters. The little bus finally arrived and after sinking into the seat, Dad pulled out his last cigar and his book of matches. The matches were so soaked with perspiration, they wouldn't light. Bursting my fantasy of a big bonfire attracting the helicopters, I was distinctly irate.

Imagine my further surprise when we reached the hotel room before my sister and mother and learned they hadn't even known we were missing! My famished father insisted on going for a buffet dinner. He loaded his plate and sat down heavily. He managed to swallow a couple of bites before falling asleep right there at the table while I spent the rest of dinner telling the tale of our latest adventure.

Genome Jeans

by david julius caesar salad

Within the seams
Of my tattered jeans
It seems
My jeans
Have genes
Of their own

Their denim bones
Make a home
Between tight-knit
Tissue
And molecular muscles

We all have blue jeans
Blue blood
Sans oxygen
Wrinkled people
All dried out
Like apricots with
Bad blood clots

XYZ zippers
Chromosomes passed on
Like hand-me-downs
And all around
Blue eyed blues
Scary hereditary similarities
99% the same
Or so they claim
There'll be more stains
On this train
Of life

Bikers have their reasons - lot's of them!



by Rissa Haynes & Marquise Williams

Michigan has been labeled bicycle friendly; and Ann Arbor is one of the friendliest biking communities in Michigan. What has sustained Ann Arbor as a prime bicycling community? Perhaps, it's the contribution of the local government to this biking culture. Possibly, it's Ann Arbor's health-conscious, environment-sensitive, and economically prudent residents combined with the cooperation of local businesses, non-profits, and clubs that facilitated the increase in bikers throughout the city.

Many bikers say that their bikes are now their major mode of transportation. Students like the convenience of being able to use the bike trails in the street and the sidewalks. This enables quick and easy movement from class to class and/or works and makes getting around-the-town errands simpler to accomplish. Green-conscious bikers

appreciate its environment-friendliness. It has been documented that biking is environmentally harmonious, ranking 350 on the scale for carbon foot printing (cf www.350.org)

Biking has certainly become the better economic choice of transportation, as gas prices are soaring to nearly \$5.00/gallon. The increase in joblessness, home-full challenges and Michigan money crises have created an economic need for a transition from automobiles to bicycles. According to Matthew Shankin, Recruitment Coordinator for the Center for Managing Chronic Diseases, bicycling is also a healthy transportation choice. He left Livonia to live in Ann Arbor, just to make bicycling his only means of transportation.

While some are making major changes to bike travelling, others still enjoy biking for just plain old fun with friends and the family. There's enjoyment even in individual biking experiences as Brett Beddow, 18-year old bicycle enthusiast, demonstrated. Recently he biked across Michigan raising publicity



Riding around town is a healthy way for families to spend time outside

for his sponsors. According to Brett, the appropriate biking equipment, along with the biking route's safety and road construction, are crucial for keeping the fun in and the dangers to a minimum.

To that end, Ann Arbor city officials have wisely allocated funds to build infrastructure enhancing safety, comfort, and interest. The city is in the process of adding 10 miles of on-road bike lanes. There are also plans to provide bike lockers and on-the-street parkers in order to temper theft fears and allow

easier access to businesses and services throughout the city. One car space on the street equals at least 6 bike spaces. The city is not alone in adding new bike friendly structures. Businesses are installing bike racks to lure the many bikers who run errands, on their bikes.

Additionally, Ann Arbor's local government uses their website to promote events to increase interest in bicycling, as they did with their Ride Around Town event, held during the early winter. These websites also have route information and various safety tips.

There are several clubs and non-profit organizations that also increase the interest, safety awareness and road access of bicyclers. Critical Mass is an organization of bicyclists that meets monthly to ride Ann Arbor streets. Their posted notices say, "Bikers don't hinder traffic, they ARE traffic!"

Puzzle Solutions

D	A	H	L		S	T	E	A	M		F	I	L	L
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Cryptoquote

"My father gave me
the greatest gift anyone
could give another per-
son, he believed in me."

-Jim Valvano

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8	2	7	1	3	9	4	5
9	4	3	8	2	5	1	6
2	1	8	3	7	6	5	9
5	7	6	9	1	4	3	2
7	3	9	6	4	8	2	1
4	6	5	2	9	1	8	7

Avalon Housing Inc., building and managing low-income housing solutions



by Bethany Braaksma

Jane, a mother of two, had been homeless on and off for two years. She was experiencing untreated symptoms of mental illness which was making living in the crowded shelter difficult. To make matters worse, she was no longer able to care for her children and her temporary housing was at risk. However, things began to change when she started working with Washtenaw County's PORT (Project Outreach Team). With their help she was able to receive a stable income through Social Security. Last year, Jane moved into an Avalon Housing unit which offers affordable rent and supportive services for people like Jane. Thanks to Avalon Housing, Jane is now stably housed and receiving treatment for her mental illness. She has recently moved to a bigger apartment within Avalon and has been able to move in her children as well.

This inspiring story is one of many from tenants of Avalon Housing. When discussing issues surrounding homelessness and housing in Ann Arbor, it is only a matter of time before Avalon Housing Inc. is mentioned. Avalon Housing is a non-profit organization dedicated to developing and managing permanent supportive housing in Washtenaw County.

Avalon initially grew out of the Shelter Association. "While at the shelter, we were noticing that when people came out of transitional housing, there still was no place affordable for people to stay," states Carole McCabe, Executive Director of Avalon Housing. This encouraged the shelter to support long-

term affordable housing in Washtenaw County. Avalon, through the shelter, first purchased a house on Williams street that they bought from the city. This started them on the journey to provide supportive housing and in 1992 Avalon Housing spun off as a separate non-profit.

Avalon has drawn on the experiences at the shelter to help shape some of its core values. Two primary focuses of the organization's work are affordable housing development and enhanced property management. Affordable housing development means rents that are truly affordable to people working in low-wage jobs or living on fixed incomes. There is a considerable emphasis on providing affordable housing for people whose income is at or below 30% of the area median income.

Avalon practices enhanced property management. According to the Avalon website, this is traditional property management activities that are blended with social work in order to assist tenants in achieving self-sufficiency and building community. In short, Avalon focuses on keeping people housed by helping them become self-sufficient.

Voluntary supportive services are a key part of enhanced property management. "Services are voluntary," says McCabe. "This is the way we always wanted them to be. We were one of the first organizations to make services



is a nontraditional way of doing case management that has been successful helping people stay housed.

This was the case with Michelle, who when first becoming an Avalon tenant, was hesitant to get involved. Eventually, Michelle agreed to participate and the service staff was there to help. Working together, they were able to assist her in getting mental health treatment and locating child care that was safe and dependable. Michelle was also able to get a full-time job with benefits and has recently graduated from Washtenaw Community College. This was all with the help of flexible support services.

Avalon also practices the Housing First model. According to the Corporation of Supportive Housing (CSH), Housing First is the idea that safe, affordable housing is a basic human right and must happen for psychiatric and substance abuse treatment to be effective. McCabe spoke of Avalon's practice of screening-in. She stated that, "We seek to house people who are frequently rejected by other housing providers. Avalon is trying to provide a place for people who have no other options."

Avalon's scattered site model means

optional, and now we are finding it is the best way to engage people."

There is a strong priority on building relationships with each individual while keeping a community focus. This

spotting an Avalon property may be a bit of a brain teaser. Currently, Avalon owns or operates 324 units, scattered around 23 sites throughout Ann Arbor, with the goal of integrating into existing neighborhoods. "We know that we have been successful when people drive by our properties and do not even know it," says McCabe.

It is more than putting a roof over someone's head for Avalon; it is creating a home and a community. Programs are designed to help tenants become self-sufficient, promote tenant participation, tenant leadership and employment. For example, Edible Avalon is a community gardening and education program of Avalon Housing. It aims to make fresh organic food available to tenants while building community through gardening. Programs are also focused on youth in order to break the cycle of poverty.

Moving forward, Avalon seeks to continue to be a prominent voice for long-term solutions to homelessness. Through the development of affordable housing in Washtenaw County, Avalon is able to add to the stock of available low-income housing. Education and advocacy are continuously important as Avalon joins with other organizations to advocate for funding and provide education surrounding issues of homelessness. Future efforts are targeted on increasing involvement with veterans and a deepening focus on youth.

Avalon Housing is not just an organization but a place that many can finally call home.

Top of the Park season is upon us again

continued from page 4

cians, but Goerke and others remain and recently celebrated their 25th anniversary of playing together. "I just like Ann Arbor," says Goerke who has roots in Detroit and Saline. "I've been here at least 30 years now. I was a founding member of the Saline Big Band."

Both bands have long histories with Top of the Park (TOP). Drivin' Sideways got crowds going with their authentic country music during TOP's first decade. Their last gig in the 90's was particularly awful, as it was lead singer Jim Tate's first performance since recovering from a heart attack. They

had to leave an enthusiastic crowd's demand for an encore unsatisfied, because Tate did not feel well enough to go back out. They are delighted to be regulars again and encourage fans to make donations to TOP to keep it going.

Goerke looks forward to reunions with fans at TOP. "Some of the people who met at happy hours when we played got married and had kids. Now they bring the whole family out and come see us at Top of the Park!"

While Goerke has a nostalgic affection for the unique quirkiness of TOP's

original location atop the Power Center parking structure, Mack loves the new location on Ingalls Mall. The Terraplanes' music ranges from 40's swing to Motown, blues, Memphis style jazz and 60's Rock and Roll, but it is all designed to get people dancing-and Washington street is much better for that than the slanting parking structure ramp. "It's more like a street party," Mack muses, and a great event for locals. "Seeing people dancing is part of the pay for us. Last year we were videotaped and observed the shadows of dancers illuminated against the background of Rackham Auditorium. They were

probably teens who didn't want to be seen with their parents dancing in the streets, so they were dancing behind the stage."

Drivin' Sideways plays at TOP on Sunday, June 19th and The Terraplanes play on Tuesday, July 5th. Both bands look forward to an increase in the number of fans who come to their gigs after seeing them at TOP.

Ann Arbor neighborhood showcases its talent

It was a wonderful comingling of people across generations and musical tastes, sharing a beautiful spring day in Ann Arbor in the context of homemade fun. Babies sat on lawns and discovered grass, toddlers marveled at "butterflies" (cabbage moths to the gardeners among us), and little children gathered bouquets of violets, dandelions and clover, surrounded by adults sitting on blankets or lawn chairs listening to folk music at intimate gatherings like the one at *Lake Folk* or concert-like settings that spilled over to adjacent lawns and across the street, like that of the *Chenille Sisters*. Dogs nestled near their owners and enjoyed the attention of strangers.

Older children stepped in and jammed on drums with *Paul Motello and the Rhythm Family*. Each drummer was given his beat and the wild, stirring rhythms erupted in dancing accompaniment by one woman after another.

Hundreds of aging baby boomers joined a mob of children "doing the washing machine" with the *Chenille Sisters*. Kids of all ages kept the beat on kitchen utensils and containers accompanying the "Kitchen Percussion Song." *Chenille Sister Cheryl Dawdy* commented, "This Water Hill Music Festival reminds me of the Art Fair in the early days."

Friends re-united on the streets, dogs and children chased squirrels and each other, all very mellow, past sidewalk gardens adorned with spring flowers interspersed with garden gnomes or rocks from around Michigan. Children rode their bikes over to watch their friend *Magdalen Fossum* sing her roots folk music accompanied by her ukelele. Already an accomplished performer with a vast repertoire and easy rapport with her audience, the future of folk music is secure in *Magdalen's* hands.

A sampling of listener's comments

Anne Padilla, a Parisian living in Ann Arbor, attended the festival from 2:00 until 5:00 with her husband and three children aged 2, 4, and 7: "We used to live in this neighborhood and it was wonderful to hear the performances of old friends. Our favorite stop was at *Beize Park* (at the corner of Summit and Fountain) as people danced around the



Brian Delaney and friends perform from a porch (above.) An enthusiastic crowd is serenaded by George Bedard and Khalid Hanifi.

Maypole and listened to music."

Hadrian Padilla, age 7: "Playing at the park with my friends was the best."

Melissa Strong, visiting from Saginaw: "I am enamored by the community spirit. It is amazing that there is this much talent in such a small radius."

Ellen Sapper, Guidance Counselor at Pioneer High School: "At *Water Hill* festival it seems that all these lovely souls who have known each other in actuality or spirit for many lifetimes, have found each other again for this special heavenly moment. Wonderful music with friends!"

Susan Beckett, Groundcover publisher: "The peak moment for me was watching this little girl, about 6, carefully working her way through the people listening *Chenille Sisters*, to pick lawn weeds which she artfully arranged then nestled in a central hole of an old oak leaf and presented to her mother for safe keeping as she set out on another foraging expedition."

Erica Blom, U-M lecturer: It was fabulous! the weather turned out nice and there were some fantastic musicians as well as lots of people who came out and friendly neighbors who baked free cookies for passersby.

Donna Lark-Weiner, a fiber artist from Ida who used to live on Spring Street and Hillcrest before that: "Water Hill was a fabulous community event, bringing neighborhoods together; bringing people out. Our lives are so rushed we don't get out and see people much. It was wonderful to see all the musicians from the audience joining the performers. I bet 4-6 musicians from the audience joined in with the *Macpods*. With *Los Gatos*, too, there was a great blending of musicians."



40th anniversary

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